The Myrtle.

"INSTEAD OF THE BRIER SHALL COME UP THE MYRTLE TREE." ISA. LV. 13.

UNIVERSALIST PUBLISHING HOUSE.

VOL. XXI. BOSTON, JANUARY 20, 1872. NO. 38.

Christ Blessing the Children.

"The Master has come over Jordan,"
Said Hannah, the mother, one day;
"And is healing the people who throng Him,
With a touch of His finger, they say.

"And now I will go with the children—
Little Rachael, and Matthew, and John;
I will carry the baby Esther
For the Master to look upon."

So over the hills of Judah,
Along by the vine-rows green,
With Esther asleep on her bosom,
And Rachael her brothers between.

'Mong the people who hung on his teaching,
Or waited His touch and His word,
Through the row of proud Pharisees sneering,
She press'd to the feet of the Lord.

"Now, why shouldst thou hinder the Master,"
Said Peter, "with children like these?
Seest not that, from morning till evening,
He teacheth, and healeth disease?"

Then said Jesus, "Forbid not the children;
Permit them to come unto Me;"
And He took in His arms little Esther,
And Rachael, she stood by His knee.

And the heavy heart of the mother
Was lifted all earth-care above,
As He laid His hands on her dear ones,
And bless'd them with tenderest love.

O why should children fear
When sickness dims the eye,
To lie down in sweet peace,
And innocently die;
Since Jesus Christ his word has given,
That such as these shall enter heaven?

Then weep not, parents dear,
Because we go above;
We leave you here below,
To seek a tenderer love;
For Jesus Christ his word has given,
That such as we shall enter heaven.

For the Myrtle.

Bubbles.

VINNIE BROWN was sick and unable to go to school for a few days; and she was so lonely that her brother Tom sought every way he could to amuse her when he was at home.

One day he begged a penny of his father to buy a new plaything, and when he came home from school he had a long clay pipe in his hand.

As he passed the window his father noticed it with surprise, and was not quite pleased that he should have such a plaything. But he waited to see what was going to be done with it.

Through his open study door he could look into the nursery and see in the farthest nook of it Vinnie curled up on the lounge cushions, half asleep. Now she brightened up as Tom came in, and sat up to see what he was going to do with his pipe.

He got a basin of warm water, made it frothing with soap, and set it on a cricket, just where Vinnie could best see him. Then he kneeled down and blew in it with his pipe and the froth came up in a great shining heap.

"Oh how pretty!" cried Vinnie, laughing;

and her father at his desk smiled too, for that little trick carried him back so many, many years. Strange that he had forgotten what a small boy does with clay pipes!

"Now see here, Vinnie," said Tom, "watch and see what I do."

He lifted the pipe, bottom up, and blew a soft, smooth breath.

"Oh, oh!" said Vinnie, "what a lovely big bubble! How it shines! See it go!" she added, as Tom shook the pipe gently and the bubble loosed from it and floated, a silvery ball, off into the air. Vinnie put her hands softly together as she watched it, for she had never blown a soap-bubble in all her life.

"That is yours," said Tom, "and the next one is mine, and the next shall be yours again. Away she goes!"

Tom blew a grand bubble. "That's my fortune," he said, "see it shine,—silver and gold and diamonds and everything. The bigger it gets the richer I grow. Up, up, up it goes, pop, —that's the end of it."

"Now this is mine," said Vinnie, "my fine lady. See how she sails off! She's all dressed in silks and satins and rainbows. Oh, dear! she's gone all to pieces!"

"See the general," cried Tom. "How his uniform glistens! Don't we ride off pretty grand? Forward, march! Halloa! the general's bursted up!"

Another and another and another, till the air was full of floating bubbles. They did not stop to name them all, for Tom had enough to do to blow and Vinnie to watch. Some went out all at once, others floated up to the ceiling and bumped against it and were burst, and others floated slowly around growing bigger and thinner till they disappeared no one saw where. But not one staid a bubble.

Vinnie had slid off the lounge and came up to watch the process. "Oh, Tom!" she cried, "blow a thousand at once, just as you did before!"

Tom blew a great blast into the water. The froth piled up and broke and flew everywhere.

"O dear!" cried Vinnie, scampering away "it's all gone to nothing, and my eyes are full of soap-suds!"

Sure enough, Tom had blown all the water out of the basin.

"Children," said their father at tea-time, "I'm going to let you preach next Sunday."

Vinnie looked at him in surprise, and Tom at length said, "What do you mean, father?"

"I mean," said his father, "that I have been hunting for a sermon all day, and you preached it for me this afternoon. I'm going to repeat it Sunday. You shall see."

Tom was not in the habit of questioning, so he waited for Sunday. Then he did see, sure enough. His father did not preach about soap-bubbles, but he preached about worldly riches, and fashions, and honors, how insubstantial they are, and how soon they all fade away. This was the text:

"For what is your life? It is even a vapour, that appeareth for a little time and then vanisheth away."

And as soon as Tom heard it, he knew where his father had found his sermon. *H. A. B.*

The Best Name.

FOR TEN VOICES.

(*Children standing in semi-circle with open Bibles.*)

First. Dear sisters, while we are gathered here to learn of Jesus, let us recall the many titles applied to him in the Scriptures, and choose the name we love best of all. In Revelation he is called "King of kings, and Lord of lords." (*Reads*, Rev. xix. 16.)

Second. (*Reads*, St. John viii. 12.)

Third. I find in the sixth chapter of John, this description of Jesus. (*Reads*, John vi. 48, 51.)

Fourth. I have found many precious names for Christ. (*Reads*, Isa. ix. 6.)

Fifth. "And they shall call his name Emmanuel, which, being interpreted is, God with us."

Sixth. (*Reads*, Matt. i. 21.)

Seventh. (*Reads*, Luke iv. 41.)

Eighth. (*Reads*, Hebrews iv. 14.)

Ninth. Here is a beautiful name, "I am the Good Shepherd;" and then he says, "The Good Shepherd giveth his life for the sheep."

Tenth. (*Reads*, Luke ii. 11.)

(*In reading these verses the names should be distinctly pronounced.*)

Second. Of all these beautiful names which is the best? They are so sweet, so true, one can hardly make a choice.

Tenth. It seems to me, that the Saviour is the sweetest name that we can know: "For God

so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." And "Him hath God exalted with his right hand, to be a Prince and a Saviour, for to give repentance to Israel and forgiveness of sins." And in the spirit of his loving children, we may look for the "Glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour, Jesus Christ, who gave himself for us, that he might redeem us from all iniquity."

All. "There is no name so sweet on earth;
No name so dear in heaven."

(*Very slowly and clearly.*)

"Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, to the only wise God, our Saviour, be glory and majesty, dominion and power, both now and ever."

The "*Gloria*," found in most books of sacred music, may be sung by a choir or the same children.

Elsewhere Rest.

"I am very tired, Master,
Weary of the day.
Bid me lay my toil aside,
Sleep the noon away."
But the Friend who knows and loves me best,
Breathes in gentle answer, "Elsewhere rest."

"I am very tired, Master,
Weary of my sin;
Bid Thy Spirit haste its work,
Make me pure within,
Clean and pure in peaceful whiteness dressed;"
But the Maker whispers, "Elsewhere rest."

"I am very tired, Master,
Weary of my pain:
One sweet healing touch from Thee,
Makes me sound again.
Is there not a Gilead balm confessed?"
Still the voice respondeth, "Elsewhere rest."

"I am very tired, Master,
Weary of the strife,
Of the heavy armor borne,
Of the shock of life;
Touch with blessed balm both brow and breast;"
Hark! "Fight on, my soldier—Elsewhere rest.

"I was very tired, soldier,
When I bore thy pain,
Fought thy fight, and shed my blood
For thy garment's stain;
Fainted with thy burden on the tree!
Wilt thou not endure an hour—for Me?"

"I am very tired, Master,
But my love is strong,
I will follow Thee, my Master,
Though the way be long,
Till the hot sun seeks the dewy west,
And the 'Elsewhere' brings the promised 'rest.'"

The New Dress.

Many years ago a lady had a beautiful dress made for her little girl. To be sure, it had no extra ruffles and trimmings, such as people think they must have now-a-days; but the material was rich, and its color soft and pretty, and little Alice was quite anxious to array herself in her new dress. But while she was dressing herself, there came in to see her one of her little playmates; one whose parents could not afford to dress their little girl, except in the plainest of clothes. And what was the surprise of Alice's mother, when her little daughter came into the room, to see her dressed, not in the fine new dress, but in one of her older and plainer ones, more like that worn by her visitor. How beautiful did this little act of self-denial make the little girl appear in the eyes of her mother. No dress, however fine, could have made her look half so sweet. When the little friend was gone, the mother called her little girl to her side and asked her why she had not worn her new dress.

"Oh, I thought," she answered, "perhaps poor little Jennie would like it better if we were more alike."

The new dress became an old one, years ago, and doubtless long ere this has been made into paper, or woven into some rag carpet; but the owner of the little dress, through all her life, possessed "the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit," which is in the sight of God of great price.

Teaching by Example.

"Mary, what do you wish to be when you grow up?" asked a little girl of her companion.

"I want to be like my teacher," was the quick, earnest reply.

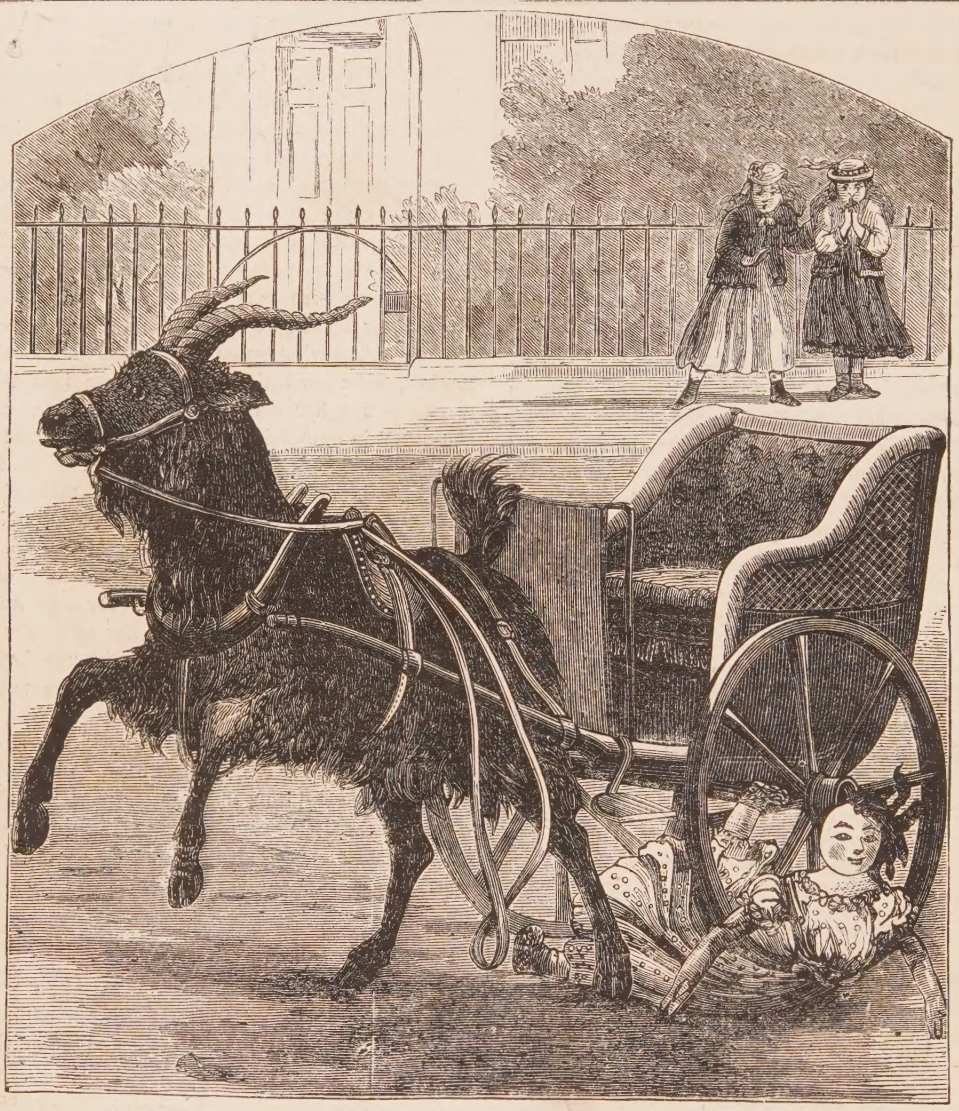
My interest was awakened, and, drawing near, I said:

"Why do you wish to be like your teacher, my dear?"

"Oh! because she is so kind and good. She knows a great deal, and she takes such pains to teach us. Then she is alwaas trying to make us happy. I am sure she does good wherever she goes."

"Like my teacher!" How much is expressed in those words!—*S. S. Workman.*

THERE are promises in Scripture to help our weakness, but none to overcome our wilfulness.



For the Myrtle.

A Sad Accident.

Miss Prudence and nurse went out for a drive;
In chaise, with a pony of rarest blood;
Slim legs, arched tail, and long slender horns,
A high-stepping steed as was seen on the road,—
Prancing and champing his bit, he stood.

The nurse stepped in, and the nurse stepped out;
For swift up the path ran the next door dame:
Miss Prudence was tossed on the seat to rest,—
To chat with a neighbor could be no blame,—
Laughing and dancing the gay maid came.

The steed took fright and away he ran;
No presence of mind Miss Prudence had
To seize and pull on the dangling reins,
And away they went at a gallop mad;—
Oh, a fearful ride, with an ending sad!

She jostled and flew from left to right
And at length plump out of the chaise was thrown;
Right under the pony's feet she struck
And the wheels bounced over her like a stone,—
Battered and smashed, there she lay alone.

A cry of horror and fright was heard!
Swift to her rescue the small maids flew;
Groans and shrieks and shudders and thrills?
Or a poor dead body cut quite in two?
Oh, no! there was no such great ado.

With pins and stitches the wounds were healed;
With pulls and punches the limbs were set;
Miss Prudence was smiling and calm through all,—
Was ever such courage and patience met?
She'll live to take many a gallop yet!

H. A. B.

For the Myrtle.

Nellie's First Christmas Tree.

MRS. HARDING had been sewing, but the light in the western sky had grown too faint for her to continue her work, and laying it aside she turned to watch the daylight fade away and the stars grow bright in their appointed places.

This was a welcome signal to Minnie and Frank Harding; and leaving their game unfinished, they joined their mother at the window. Often at this pleasant hour Mrs. Harding told them tales to amuse or instruct, or taught them of him of whom "the heavens declare the glory, and the firmament showeth his handiwork." Sitting there in the twilight how often had she told them of that far off time, when one bright star was sent to show the wise men where the infant Saviour lay, and when in the still night the shepherds watching their flocks, heard the angels sing, "Peace on earth, good will to men." Mrs. Harding had promised to tell her children this evening, a true story of a little girl's first Christmas tree, and smiling lovingly into their eager faces she began her story.

"Once upon a time, a little girl, whom I shall call Nellie, lived in a large old farmhouse with her father and mother and quite a number of brothers and sisters. Years ago toys were not made for the children in the quantities they now are, and it was not often that any found their way to Nellie's home. She had never seen a real lady doll that could open and shut its eyes: The greatest treasure among her playthings was a rag baby of her own manufacture, which she cared for in a most motherly way.

"A week before Christmas a grown up cousin of Nellie's came to visit them, and she decided that so many ohildren ought to have a Christmas tree; so with the material at hand, she, with her aunt, set to work to make a good time for the little ones, And what a good time it was! That something mysterious was going on, the children all knew, and expected Christmas eve to unravel the mystery. But when the eventful evening came and they were allowed to enter the parlor, their delight and surprise can be better imagined than described.

"A blazing fire in the open fireplace made everything look bright and cheerful. In the centre of the room stood the fresh green tree all aglow with tiny lights. The baby in its mother's arms crowed and clapped her little hands and every face reflected baby's joy.

"Nellie thought no apples ever looked so bright and tempting as those set out that evening. What wonderful parcels of nuts and confectionary were hung among the green branches! How large and inviting were the cornballs that piled the platter, and how crisp and glossy the braids and twists of molasses candy that mother and cousin had made when the little ones were snug in bed.

"But what gave Nellie the most lasting pleasure was a minature lady that she at once took to her heart as a daughter. What mattered it that her features were pencilled upon white cloth, and that her ringlets were made of ravelled yarn—she had hands and feet, and Nellie could dress her as she pleased and many a happy hour she spent with her 'Christmas Molly.' When the things on the tree were disposed of, away they all went to the kitchen for a game of Blind Man's Buff"—

"Why, you are talking about Grandma's house," said Minnie, "she has an open fire in the parlor"—

"And she always lets us play Blind Man's Buff," said Frank.

"Yes," said their mother, "I have told you of our first Christmas tree at Grandma's when I was a little girl there."

"What became of the dolly?" inquired Minnie with great interest.

"Oh, it 'went to the shades' long ago, I suppose," said her mother. "I have quite forgotten how it disappeared at last. But I have something left from that very tree, I believe. Frank, bring me the little mother-of-pearl box in the secretary."

Frank brought the box, and his mother lighted the gas overhead, and when he returned, opened the box and took out a funny little glass box, oval, and of a pink color. On the top was printed in old-fashioned letters, "Who opens this must have a kiss." He opened it but there was nothing inside, if we except the little looking glass set in the cover.

"Where is it?" said Frank, laughing.

"Eaten up, years ago," said his mother, "but when it hung on that tree it was brim-full of sugar 'kisses,' as we used to call candy drops in those days."

"And you have kept it this ever and ever so many years!"

"Yes, kept it for you, or Minnie, I don't know which."

"Minnie, I guess," said Frank, bravely.

And then Minnie cried, "But Frank opened it, and you know what *he* must have;" and she gave him three on the spot.

H. H. D.

OUR BEST FRIEND.—Most children think much of their dear friends. Some children are blest with many friends, and others have very few in this world. But all children like to think often of those who are dearest to them. But there is one Friend which many children do not think of as they ought. He is the Friend of all, even of those poor children who have few or no friends in this world. That dearest of all friends is our Heavenly Father.

The Psalmist said, "When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up."

Our Sunday Schools.

MASSACHUSETTS.

—On Christmas evening the children of the Universalist Sunday School in Franklin, Mass, received their presents from a beautiful tree in the basement of the church.

—A Christmas Sabbath School Concert was held in the Universalist church in Cambridgeport, The speaking was admirable, and the singing excellent, under the leadership of the Superintendent, Mr. Cyrus Cobb.

—The Shawmut parish in this city held a Christmas service. The church was beautifully decorated. Rev. L. L. Briggs preached an appropriate discourse. Sixteen persons were admitted into the church through the usual impressive form, and one child was baptized. The singing of the choir was excellent. In the afternoon the Sunday School held a service. The music by the children was cheering. Fine speeches were made by Rev. Mr. Briggs, Mr. S. S. Deblois, and J. D. W. Joy, Esq.

—The Christmas eve concert of the Sunday School in Wakefield, Mrs. C. A. Winship, Superintendent. was, as usual, crowded to overflowing, and for nearly two hours the large audience was held in almost breathless attention, by the beautiful recitations and gladsome Christmas carols. No lovelier picture can be conceived, than the vestry presented, with its delicately tinted walls, freshly wreathed with fragrant evergreens and illuminated with pictures and Christmas mottoes, with its baskets of green mosses and bright berries, with its tier after tier of the sweetest children that ever made music in hearts or homes, and hovering over all, a spotless dove, bearing in its beak the motto, "Peace on earth." Among the most interesring exercises of the occasion, was the address of the superintendent, and the presentation to the school of the large steel engraving "Mercy's Dream," as a Christmas gift from Mrs. Winship and her Bible Class.

The Christmas tree festival on Monday evening was a splendid success. The brilliantly lighted bower of the fairies, and the gloriously fruited Christmas trees were charming to behold. Beautiful carols were sung by the school, followed by several recitations prepared for the occasion by the superintendent, and another song, "Gather around the Christmas tree," and *then* appeared a beautiful winged fairy, in gauzy robe and glittering spangles, who, leaving other little fairies to guard her bright little bower, came forth and sweetly addressed the assembiage. At the close of her speech, she dispersed gifts from a silver basket, after which, the harvest of the trees was gathered. Among the gifts to the superintendent, was the "Library of Poetry and Song," beautifully illustrated and elegantly bound in Turkey, antique. Mr. and Mrs. Potter were recipients of many beautiful gifts.

VERMONT.

—The following fresh item in regard to that Springfield school comes to hand: "The Superintendent of the Universalist Sunday School, in Springfield, Vt., Mrs. J. H. Farnsworth, is evidently appreciated by the members of her school. Last Sunday, just before the closing exercise, a sweet little girl came forwarp

and, in a neat little speech, presented Mrs. F. with a purse containing $75, to which sum a nameless friend has made a handsome addition. Suitable acknowledgment was made, and all seemed to enjoy the event."

MAINE

—There was a fine gathering of the children of the Congress Square Sunday School, Portland, Christmas night, at which many presents were distributed from the Christmas Tree. Many young hearts and old ones, too, were made happy.

INDIANA.

—Our Sunday School in Logansport, was started four years ago. A few Sundays since one hundred and twenty-eight were present.

—Bro. Crosley, of Munroe, writes in a private letter dated the last day of the old year: "We had a delightful time Christmas night. We had two trees loaded with presents for the Sunday School. The children were delighted. Everything passed off pleasantly. Our school is prospering."

ILLINOIS.

—Mr. J. D. Ropee, of the *Illinois State Journal* writes us as follows concerning Christmas at Springfield. "I herewith enclose you report of Sabbath School Christmas festival, from our paper. Rev. Mr. Paynter is Pastor of the 3d. Presbyterian Church; Mr. W. F. Smith is Suprintendent of our Sunday School; Mr. E. R. Ulrich is a prominent member of the 3d. Presbyterian Church. We think this union is a little like the lion and the lamb story. Please make mention of it, that friends may know we still live." We gladly reproduce his pleasant account of what must have been a particularly interesting occasion:

The Christmas festival of the Universalist and Third Presbyterian Sunday Schools, was held at the Universalist Church, Wednesday evening, Dec. 27th. The attendance was very large, the church being well filled with the scholars of the respective schools and their friends. A large and beautiful Christmas tree, lighted with tapers, was one of the attractions of the evening. The tree, as is usual on such occasions, was handsomely decorated with lanterns, fancy articles, bags of candy, and the presents for the children. The following was the order of exercises:

Prayer—By Rev. Mr. Paynter; Singing—By the schools—Carol: "Little Children, Can you Tell?"; Christmas Service—Led by the Superintendent. Mr. Wm. F. Smith; Address to the Schools—By Mr. E. R. Ulrich; Recitation—By three Misses from Miss Annie Ulrich's class: "Hang up the Baby's Stocking."; Singing—"Tell Me the Old, Old Story."

At the close of the singing a curtain was drawn aside, and the Christmas tree appeared in all its beauty; and to add to the interest, just at this time "Santa Claus" put in his appearance, much to the delight of the children. It was then announced that the presents would be distributed, and each class came forward when called and received the presents from "Santa Claus." The exercises were closed by the schools singing "Good-Night." The affair was a very pleasant one, and a success in all respects.

WISCONSIN.

B. R. Falls. *Dear Myrtle:*—Our Christmas tree on Christmas evening was a success. Our local paper says it was the finest one in town and pays a high and deserved compliment to our taste. A gentleman from Boston was in town that evening and gave it his approbation, It certainly was nice to win so high a compliment as he paid us from a Bostonian. For you know we all wait for Boston's approbation before we dare applaud. The Sabbath School presented the young organist, Eddie De Clair, a boy of fifteen, who has very seldom been absent from church or Sunday School, a beautiful Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, bound in morocco, gilt edged, with his name stamped on the cover. It was a very beautiful present. The Superintendent, Judge Gatchell, was also presented by the pastor in the name of the school, with a family Bible and a student's lamp, light without and within. The other officers, the pastor and his wife, have also cause to remember the generosity of the members of Sunday School and parish. For our Sunday School has this one cause of congratulation, most of the members of the congregation are connected in some way, either as teachers, or officers, or as scholars in the Bible class, with the school. The children and the teachers also passed presents. The poor children especially were remembered; for garments were furnished for quite a number. The poor we have always and we always try to remember them as we also do the Saviour. Santa Claus, "in ye costume of ye olden time," was also present and added very much to the enjoyment of the evening. The music for the Christmas time was from the "Christmas Carols" published at the "Covenant" office. Take it all in all it was a very pleasant time.

Thad. C. Druley.

A Good Time.

All children desire to be happy. They are constantly seeking enjoyment. "A good time" is always welcome to them. Now the religion of Jesus promises "a good time" through all life to those who live according to heavenly directions. You can judge for yourselves who has the best time in life, the youth who has no restraint laid upon him at home, who has his own way, and runs into evil company, and contracts bad habits, and grows up a man in whom others have no confidence, and who ends his days perhaps on the gallows or in the prison; or that other one who heeds the good counsels given him at home, is pure minded, speaks no evil, avoids wrong habits, and seeks to "walk circumspectly" every day. Here is the difference between one who does not and one who does remember his Creator in the days of his youth; between one who gives no heed to heavenly wisdom, and one who believes what the Bible says, that "her ways are ways of pleasantness and all her paths are peace." God asks of every child to whom his word comes, that he shall be the best and do the best that he can through all his earthly life. "For he that will love life and see good days, let him refrain his tongue from evil, and his lips that they speak no guile; let him put away evil, and do good, let him seek peace and pursue it." He that will do this, need not be looking for the "good time coming." He will have it now.

Young Christians.

We are greatly in need of young Christians. We ought to have more of them coming from our homes and Sabbath Schools. Those who are older in the churches will in a few years pass away; and who shall take their places if not those who are young now?

And then, we want to have the number of Christians increased, that our world may be blessed and saved by their influence. True Christians are the light of the world. So Jesus said. And we want all of this light we can have to drive out the darkness of sin, and bring in the brightness of God's day upon all the earth. How can we do this if the children do not come to the Lord, do not now remember the claims of their heavenly Father, do not heed the calls of the loving Christ upon them?

It is a great error to think that you may become Christians when you grow older just as well as now. This cannot be. No time is like the present to secure this blessing. "Remember now thy Creator, in the days of the youth;—Behold, now is the accepted time; behold now is the day of salvation." So saith the Bible.

——"Would you urge a scholar *every Sunday* to come to Jesus?" asked a teacher of a well-known and successful Sunday School worker. "Yes," was the answer: "but not by saying over, Come to Jesus, Come to Jesus, Sunday after Sunday. I would try each Sunday to win him to Jesus by whatever I said and did." There is an important truth in that answer. Think of it, Sunday School teacher.

——There are men who can die patiently; but they are nobler yet who can live with patience.

Life of the Saviour.

LESSON LXX

THE RETURN OF THE SEVENTY.

"Say unto them, The Kingdom of God has come nigh unto you."

SCRIPTURE, — Luke x. 17–24.

Question. — In what state of mind did the seventy return from their mission?

Answer. — Luke x. 17.

Q. — Why were they filled with joy?

A. — Luke x. 17.

NOTE. They were empowered to heal the sick, but they seem to have supposed that they would be able to cure only ordinary sick. When they found that such diseases as lunacy and epilepsy surrendered to their power, (diseases supposed by the Jews to be occasioned by evil spirits, and to be incurable,) they were filled with joy. Their power was greater than they expected.

Q. — What did Jesus say to their report?

A. — Luke x. 18.

NOTE. By satan is here meant all that opposes Christianity and righteousness. Satan is represented as being in heaven because evil had exalted itself and was ruling the world. But was represented by Christ as falling from its place of power and exaltation, and he foretold its complete downfall. For a figure of speech like that used by our Saviour here, see Isa. xiv. 12, where it is used in reference to the King of Babylon. Cicero uses the same expression in referring to Pompey. In 2 Cor. iv. 4, and in Eph. vi. 12, and in Col i. 13, evil is styled the god of this world, the ruler of its darkness, and a prince over the children of disobedienee.

Q. — What greater power did he grant the seventy?

A. — Luke x. 19.

NOTE. The idea is that all opposition to the work he gave them, shall avail nothing.

Q. — In what did he caution them not to rejoice?

A. — Luke x. 10.

Q. — In what did he counsel them to rejoice?

A. — Luke x. 20.

NOTE. The idea of a name being written in heaven is from the custom of registering the names of those entitled to citizenship. They were citizens of heaven and subject to its duties as well as entitled to its privileges.

Q. — What prayer of thanksgiving did Jesus immediately make?

A. — Luke x. 21.

Q. — What does he call the Father?

A. — Luke x. 21.

Q. — What are delivered to Christ's charge?

A. — Luke x. 22.

Q. — What did he assure his disciples?

A. — Luke x. 23, 24.

Prophets had longed to see the time when evil shall be completely controlled and destroyed. They were seeing what the best men had longed and prayed and prophesied should come to pass.

Hidden Seed

Enigma.

I am composed of twenty-three letters.

My 12, 6, 2, 1, is a man's name.

My 4, 12, 7, 19, is one of the points of the compass.

My 13, 16, 4, 2, is what all who are able do every morning.

My 14, 10, 17, 18, 19, is a great blessing.

My 15, 23, 2, is a grain.

My 9, 5, 11, 6, 12, 15, 7, is something very much worn in bad weather.

My 8, 20, 19, is a domestic anima'.

My 20, 1, 12, 21, 18, 2, 22, 13, 19, expresses a right spirit.

My whole is what the MYRTLE wants.

Answers.

JAN. 13. Be of good cheer.

THE MYRTLE

IS PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY THE

UNIVERSALIST PUBLISHING HOUSE,

37 Cornhill, Boston.

BENTON SMITH, Agent.

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